

THE
LONGITUDE
Found out :
A
TALE.

Nihil inexpertum affirmes.

Nothing so soon the drooping Spirits can raise,
As Praises from the Men whom all Men praise.

COWLEY.

London:

Printed for THOMAS EDLIN at the Prince's Arms, over-against Exeter-
Exchange, in the Strand, 1721. (Pr. 4 d.)

LONGITUDE

Longitude

EAST

COUNTY

TO VDOV

Picture for THOMAS PERIN is the Primary form over-suspending Extent
(G. 49) Example in the Primary form



T H E

2
L O N G I T U D E found out:

NATURE on all some Gift bestows;
 Which with the *Kindred Fancy* goes ;
 And some she forms for *Martial Deeds* ;
 And some for *softer Acts* she breeds ;
 And some for *Courts*, and some for *Caves* ;
 And some for *Kings*, and some for *Slaves*.

To each she diff'rent Minds unites,
 And varies each in his Delights.
 Some love the *Chase*, and some despise
 The eager *Hound* and *Hunter's Cries* :
 Thus as the diff'rent Fancy leads,
 The diff'rent Happiness succeeds.

I N Lib'ral Arts was *Sylvius* bred,
 And many Authors had he read :
 Well could he speak in *Worth's Applause*,
 But ne'er was warm'd in *Beauty's Cause*.
 In *Beauty's Cause* how weak his Skill !
 And how unable was his Will !

For all his Talk and all his Mind
Was rather *Stoicly inclin'd.*

WHILOM, where ancient Annals crown
The *British* Name with just Renown ;
Where oft' the Drum and bloody Fight
To Deeds of Glory did excite ;
Lonely there ran a *Crystial Brook*,
By all of chearful Soul forsook ;
O'ergrown with Bushes, and the Shade
Seem'd only fit for Study made :
The Birds above with various Voice
Did echo to the River's Noise ;
The River's Noise thro' *Caves* unseen
Return'd the Melody again ;
And round the Vales in *Consort* brought,
Reflected sweetly to the Thought.

SOON as the Day with new-dress'd Light
Peep'd from the Curtains of the Night,
Young *Sylvius* wou'd his Sleep forbear,
And to the much-lov'd *Shade* repair ;
On vast Designs intensely brood
To measure out the *Longitude.*

To me, he cry'd, the *private Skill*
My painful Labours shall reveal :

I shall the *Secret* know ; 'tis I
 The *welcom Wonder* shall descry :
 To me *much Honor* shall pertain,
Much Profit shall the *Nations* gain.

How shall the Youth the *Tale* pursue,
 Unless the *Muse* directs his *View* ?
 The *Muse* can only fit impart
Fond Sylvius' disappointed *Smart* ;
 And how when all his *Projects* fail'd,
 The weak *pretended Stoic* fail'd.

O never now, *besure*, he cry'd,
Fond Sylvius shall at *Rest* abide ;
 The troubl'd *Boy* shall still complain,
 While *Floods* pay *Tribute* to the *Main* ;
 Long as the *Seasons* of the *Year*
 In all their various *Forms* appear ;
 Whilst *Winter's* *Cold* and *Summer's* *Heat*
 Upon the *hardy Forests* beat ;
 Shall *Sylvius* constantly be *true*,
 O *Woods*, to *Sadness* and to *you*.

DISTEMPER'd thus, from *Place* to *Place*,
 He wail'd the *Streightness* of his *Cafe* ;
 And as he lay *beside* the *Shear*,
 Repeating all his *Troubles* o'er,

The

The Shades were sighing, and the Tide,
Purling to ev'ry Sigh, reply'd.

NEAR to the River's Side there stood
An ancient beautiful Abode
Of large Extent; and Old Report
Does mention it in noble Sort;
But since by Fate's disposing Rule
Converted to a *Boarding-School*.

FROM thence at sundry Times the Fair
Wou'd come to take the Ev'ning Air:
And some wou'd by the *River* rove;
And some wou'd walk the pleasant *Grove*;
And some the *Meadows* wou'd frequent;
And some at *Home* the Ev'ning spent;
As each, by diff'rent *Humors* wrought,
A diff'rent *Recreation* sought.

YOUNG *Thetis* was the Nymph, whose Praise
Wou'd make too proud my humble Lays.
Sylvius she lov'd, but ne'er cou'd find
The Stoic Student to her Mind;
Tho' oft' she'd in the Bower surprise
The wayward Youth with kindling Eyes,
And blushing, with her Looks declare
The Motives, that entic'd her there.

Of gentle Lineage was she sprung;
 And in her Years bewitching young ;
 Of charming Shape ; and in her Face
 Well fitted for a *King's Embrace* :
 No curious Eye did e'er behold
 A sweeter Maid, of mortal Mould.

YET *Sylvius*, ah ! too simple Swain !
 The gay Inviter cou'd refrain ;
 Feel all the wanton willing Fair,
 And yet the ready Bliss forbear.

IT was the Close of pleasant Light
 Did *Thetis* to the Fields invite :
 Her Hair was black as *Raven's Down*,
 And white as *May-buds* was her Gown ;
 And round was girt, as if it grew,
 A Ribbon of a *Crimson Hue* :
 The Winds embrac'd her, and the Trees
 Bow'd to the Mistress of the Breeze.

FULL glad the *Nymph* her *Sylvius* found
 In feigned Slumbers on the Ground ;
 And taking soft his Hand, she prest
 It all endearing to her Breast.

THE pleased Student, half afraid,
 Surpris'd the trembling bashful Maid ;

And as she found her Strength decay, I smug to
 And gently push'd the Youth away,
 He squeez'd her close, and kiss'd her Charms,
 And bless'd the Burthen of his Arms.

Ah, *Thetis* ! Ravish'd *Sylvius* cry'd,
 My panting Heart's endearing Bride,
 Thou young Inticer, shall I now
 My Life and Happiness forgoe ?
 'Tis you, my Love, and only you,
 Can raise me, and support me too !
 O little smiling *Venus* then,
 In Spight of your almost fifteen,
 To me your Charge of Charms resign,
 And let thy Soul confess thee mine ;
 In all thy Bloom and bright Array
 The Wrongs of fickle Fate ~~pay~~ ;
 Restore my Peace ; repel my Pain ;
 O thou the Wish of ev'ry Swain !
 In thee, my Charmer, I shall feel
 New Joys ; new *Longitudes* reveal ;
 If not, yet certain thou shalt be
 To find the *Longitude* of me.

F I N I S.